



A POEM WRITTEN BY W.  
WILFRED CAMPBELL AND  
PRIVATELY ISSUED TO HIS  
FRIENDS FOR THE NEW  
YEAR 1899.

*The*  
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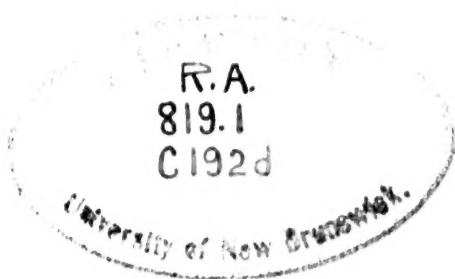
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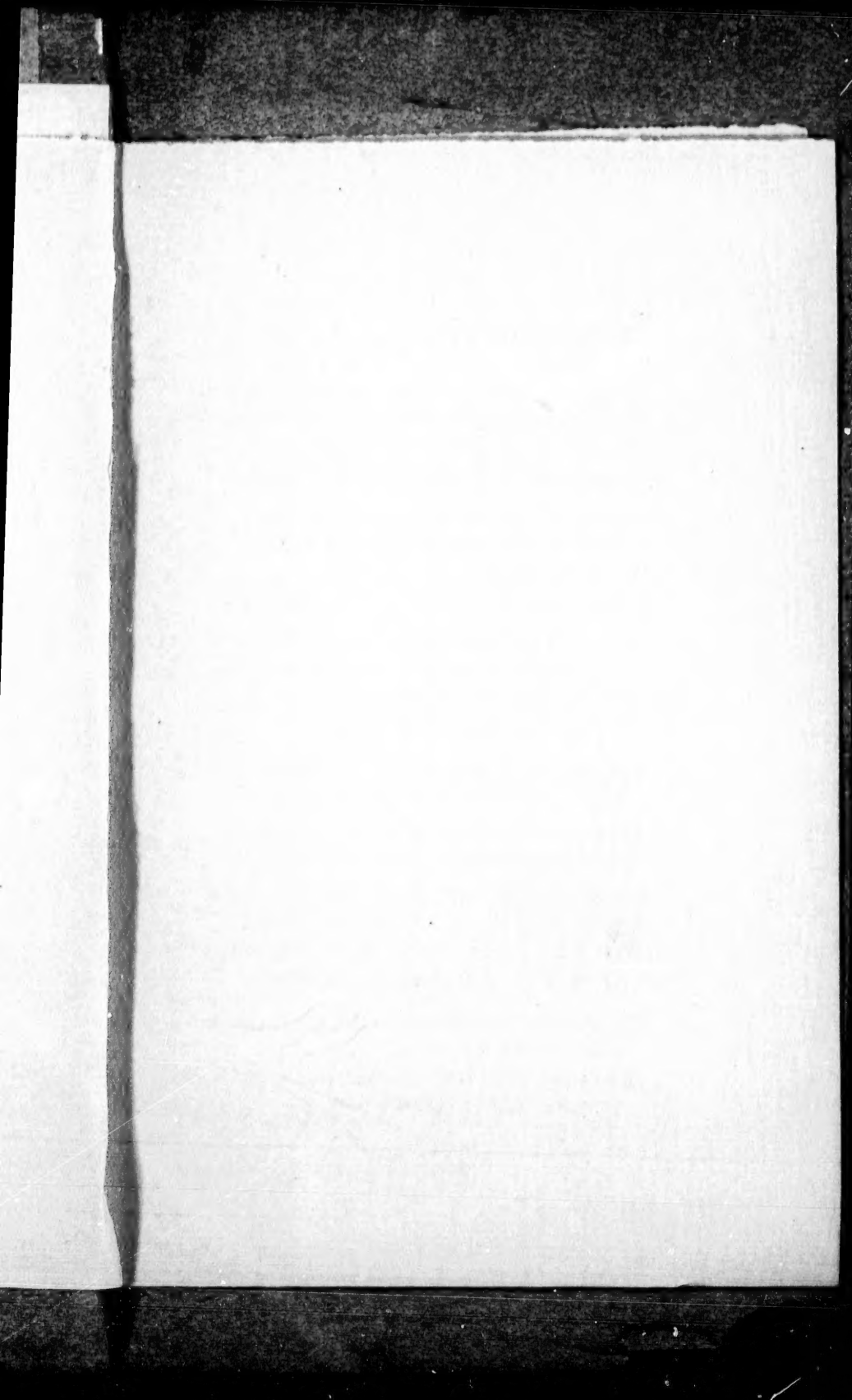


With the season's greeting,  
from  
W.W. Campbell

Ottawa  
Canada.

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71

## DEPARTURE.

OLD house now ruined, wrecked and gray,  
Home once enshrined of love's delight  
And all glad promise of the May,  
Now hushed in shades of wintry night :—

Once garment of a thousand loves,  
Now but a shroud of glooming stone ;—  
While sad October moans and roves  
Old house, old house, we are alone !

We are alone ; yea, you and I,  
Who dreamed old summers in their prime ;  
Now sad and late, to see them die  
Along this ruined verge of time.

Old rooms now empty, once so bright,—  
Stair-cases climbed of gladdening feet,  
Dark windows erstwhile filled with light  
Where now but rains of autumn beat :—

Where now but lorn months call and call  
And sea and gust and night complain,—  
With ghost-boughs shadowing on the wall,  
Or dead vines knocking at the pane.

Old place, whose ceilings, walls and floors  
Still redolent of love and May ;  
Once more, once more I leave your doors,  
Into the night I take my way.

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Huge yawning hearths, once flaming bright  
On many a well-loved face and form  
Long gathered out unto the night  
To meet the vastness and the storm:—

Into the night ; where I, too, go,  
Beyond your sheltering walls and doors ;  
Where death's October drives his woe  
Over a thousand midnight moors.—

Beyond your sheltering, where I beat  
To sleep with stars of dark o'ergleamed ;  
Or breast the night of moan and sleet  
To meet that morn a world hath dreamed.

Hath dreamed ? Hope-hungering heart hath read,  
And carolled morning-lifted lark !  
Yea, back of all this muffled dread  
Perchance some splendor rifts the dark.—

Yea, though no magic reach its gleams,  
Nor heart of doubting prove it true :—  
Old house, beloved, of my dead dreams,  
While I go forth from love and you.